

## **Dump butt, cute cat by illyx**

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**Summary:**

Exactly what the title says. An overload of fluff and silliness.

## Dump butt, cute cat

### Author's Note:

So, I used the fluff prompts generator and this was one of my favourites. This was written in a rush so if there are any mistakes, please let me know. Also, English is not my first language.

I hope you enjoy.

*Meow*

Jonathan head, completely engulfed in the collar of his jacket with hair swept by the icy wind, turned around in search of the source of the sudden sound.

He was walking alone a few blocks from home, returning from university late in the afternoon. The sky was getting darker by the minute, but New York was beginning to sparkle with a myriad of lights, that begged to be photographed.

For a moment he thought that the classes were getting the best of him, his mind playing tricks on him, until he saw a pair of yellow, almost orange, eyes staring at him from the icy and dark sidewalk, just as if they were two discarded fairy lights.

A moment later he managed to discern the profile around those eyes.

A tiny cat with the blackest fur was looking at him for no apparent reason.

Jonathan spun around. He wasn't much of a cat person anyway, Lonnie had brought home two of them when he was a kid, thinking they would get rid of any mouse coming 'round the house, but they weren't allowed inside and ended up always hissing and trying to scratch Jonathan everytime he tried to pet them. They never had names. He doesn't even remember if they died or just disappeared.

He walked for about twenty seconds before he heard:

*Meow*

This time the cat was next to him and began to rub on his jean-clad legs, its tiny head on his shoe. He tried to take another step but, somehow, ended up tripping on his own feet. He landed soundly on his ass.

Great. He was now face to face with the stranger and with a sore, freezing and quite damp backside.

The kitten stared at him nonchalantly and meowed again.

It was a small thing, all damp fur and wide eyes. He seemed hungry and cold.

Jonathan got up. This cat could belong to someone. He wasn't taking it home. No way. Not without Nancy knowing. He wasn't even sure if the landlord allowed pet in the flats.

He walked briskly to his -their- apartment. He was cold, tired, hungry and his back was damp. He needed to go home and call it a night. Snuggle up with Nancy and heat up his sore butt.

Jonathan was taking the first steps that led to the front door when he had an epiphany. That's exactly how that kitten was feeling! Cold, hungry, wet. What if he didn't have a home? There were so many homeless kittens after all, maybe he was abandoned...

He made to go back a try to find the cat, hoping it hadn't disappeared but, apparently it was on the first step, staring expectantly at him.

*Meow*

Jonathan grabbed the kitten with all the delicacy he could muster and he felt his tiny ribs under his palm, heart beating fast.

That was the turning point. He would bring this kitten inside, he would feed it and warm it and then contact the local shelter. He would not abandon it.

When he entered the house was dark. Nancy was still at the library, working on a paper due in a few days. Good, Jonathan thought, he would need to explain the whole story, but he wasn't quite sure how.

He pondered for a moment on which food that was in the house could be considered “cat food” and proceeded to open a can of tuna, putting it on a tiny dish and a bowl of water beside it.

The kitten began to eat as if it hadn’t seen food in days.

Jonathan then wrapped it in a warm and dry blanket, burrito-style. The kitten immediately relaxed and began purring loudly.

He was like in a trance, sitting down on the sofa with his little cute furry burrito, now warm and fed and purring. He could fall asleep. And he did, for like five seconds, before he heard the key turning in the door.

He sprinted, running to the closet where he quickly deposited the kitten and slammed the door shut just as Nancy entered the kitchen.

“Hey” she greeted him “Why are you standing like that?”

“Like what?” he replied.

“I don’t know, in the middle of the room breathing heavily...”

Jonathan shrugged, making an incoherent sound.

“Come here” she told him and kissed him soundly. She smelled like snowflakes and old books.

“Jonathan?”

“Yeah...” he replied while kissing her neck.

“Why is there a dish with tuna on the floor?”

*Shit.*

“ Oh that? Erhm... I was... I was just hungry” smooth Jonathan, really smooth.

“But why is it on the floor? And with a bowl of water next to it?” she said with her eyebrows raised high, in a typical Nancy Wheeler-no-bullshit attitude he loved.

“You see...”

“Yes?” she urged.

“I fell and I found a cat” he said quickly.

Her eyebrows got even higher.

“Well, I found a cat and I fell, really” he added “But he was tiny and cold and did not leave me alone, so I had to bring him home”

“But where is it now?”

“Oh it’s in the closet”

Jonathan took the bundle in his arms.

“Aww, he looks like a little burrito.”

“He does, doesn't he? Wait, aren't you upset about this?”

“Why would I be? He's so cute and you had to help him. I want to keep him.”

“Him? Are we sure it's a him?”

Nancy looked under his tail “Yep”

“Nance, we don't know if the landlord will allow this... and we've never talked about it”

“Well, we're talking about it now and I'll talk to the landlord, he has a soft spot for me”

*"Who didn't "* Jonathan thought with a smile.

"And besides, what did you want to do with him?"

"Feed him and then take him to a shelter" he whispered.

"Jonathan, he's a mixed breed black cat, nobody would want him for some stupid conviction that it's bad luck or some other bullshit!"

He sighed. When Nancy was set on something she did not relent. She loved her.

"Please..." she begged with her big blue eyes pleading him.

"Okay"

She squealed kissing him and swirling around with the kitten in her arms.

"So, Nance..."

"Uh uh" she said as caressed the cat tiny head.



“I was thinking we should name him Burr, short for Burrito”

“It’s perfect, you’re perfect” she whispered kissing him. Burr between them.

“Jonathan?” she asked mid-kiss

“Why is your butt damp?”

**Author's Note:**

Thank you for reading.

Remember that if you liked it and you don't leave kudos or a review a tiny kitten dies.